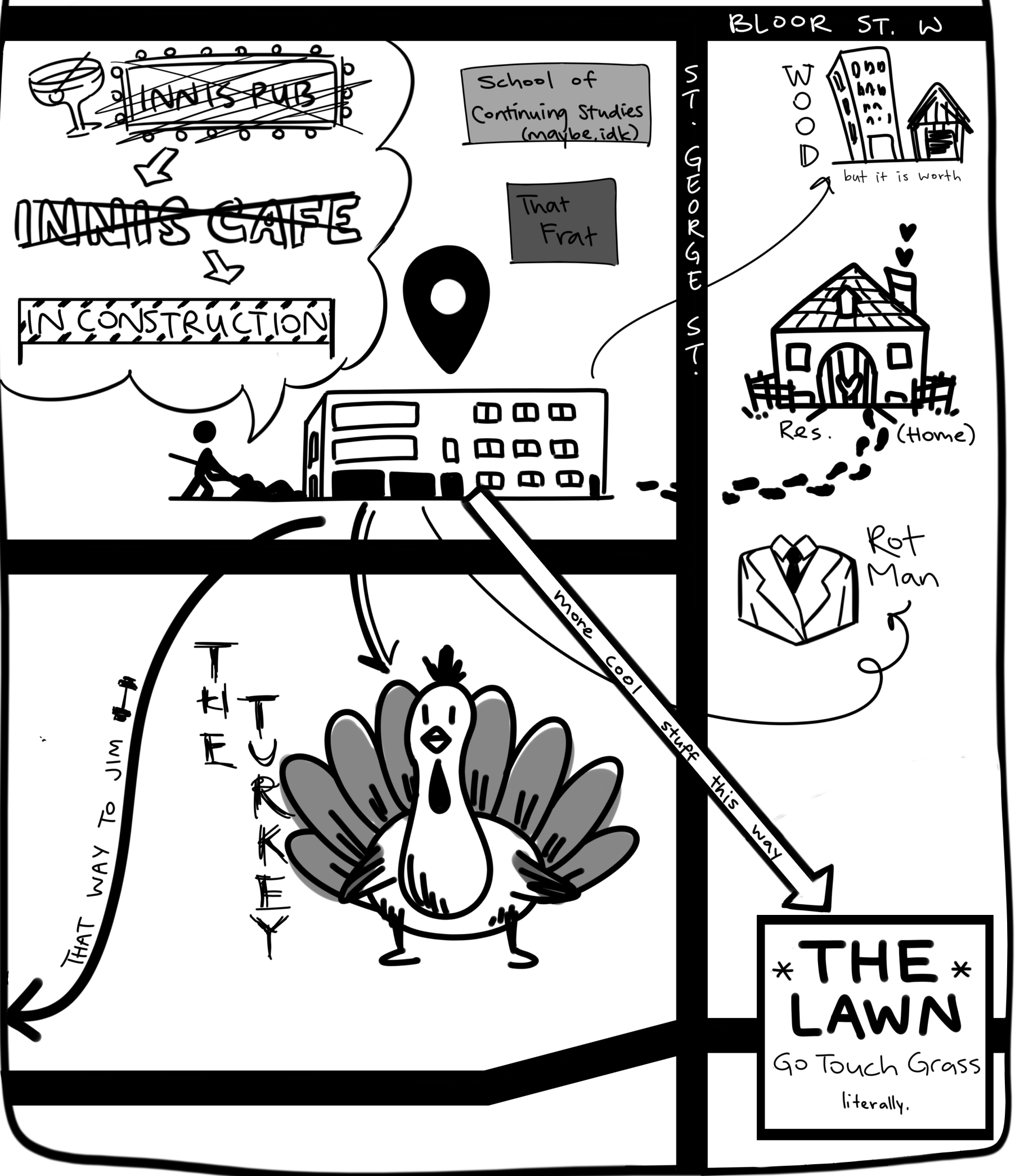


The Innis Herald

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"INNIS - CENTRISM 2023"



WE WISH TO ACKNOWLEDGE THIS LAND ON WHICH THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO OPERATES. FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS IT HAS BEEN THE TRADITIONAL LAND OF THE HURON-WENDAT, THE SENECA, AND THE MISSISSAUGAS OF THE CREDIT. TODAY, THIS MEETING PLACE IS STILL THE HOME TO MANY INDIGENOUS PEOPLE FROM ACROSS TURTLE ISLAND AND WE ARE GRATEFUL TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO WORK ON THIS LAND.



V59 2023-24 The Innis Herald Masthead

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Letter from the Editor

dear readers,

WE ARE SO BACK!

Welcome to V59 of the Innis Herald. My name is Sam, and I am the Editor-in-Chief for the paper this year. I will keep this short and sweet because whether you are studying for school or actually experiencing a life outside of academia, I imagine you have better things to be doing. Me when I lie... what could possibly be better than reading the Herald???

This has been the student voice of Innis College since 1965, from U of T to the rest of the world. These are outspokenly original stories that matter. We have a thrilling year ahead of us and our first edition is starting the term off right.

Enjoy V59e1 — this is the best print yet, but our best publication is yet to come. Hot people read the Herald and hotter people contribute to the Herald, although the hottest people run the Herald.

sincerely, sam

P.S. Send *letters to the editor* for me to feature you in the *letter from the editor* for the next edition. We suggest (though you certainly are not limited by our imaginations) rants, vents, requests for advice, freely given advice, fan mail, hate mail, and love confessions.





This Weather

Ola Kim
CREATIVE

In the diary entries I wrote growing up, it was customary to include—alongside the date and day of the week—the weather. Today, it is overcast.

This time around, I tell myself I’m used to the cold now.

The last time I was here, I was eighteen. The last time I was here, I didn’t know any of the things I know now.

The first summer home is absurd. I feel the air as soon as the plane lands, dense and heavy and hot, and I breathe like I haven’t breathed in eight months. Heat falls through me like a stone. No time has passed at all. I see my cat and my dog again. It takes them a while to place me, but they remember. My friends and I go to all the places we’ve missed, displaced from home, displaced from the cities we chase our educations in. Convenience store cheung fun, the build-your-own-bowl noodle restaurant, the cinema next to our high school, the bookstores in malls that sprawl up instead of out. Because although Toronto sprawls up too, it’s different here. Everything is different here.

We sit, the eight of us on the floor, my dear, best, high school friends, and take turns sharing about our lives. We are all the same, barely a year from when we last saw each other—my hair is still pink, they still wear glasses, her smile still sends a rush of lightning all the way into my fingertips—but we are so different too. He goes rock-climbing now. Someone has a crush. One of us isn’t even here, working in a research lab over the summer. We miss her. We’ve missed each other, too.

Even now, there is a small pang knowing that the seven people I grew up with are apart now, sent far and wide across two sprawling continents. But now I know there are great things across the sea, too.

The little heart flutter when I get a text from someone from home and they end the message with la, a final particle I hear only in Cantonese—a tiny additive familiar to them and endlessly fond to me, all the way across the Pacific. We are both on this continent now, but for barely a moment, we sit homebound.

Seasons change. I fly back for the start of term and move, tumultuous and doubtful, from one home to another.

The jolt in my chest when I respond to our landlord in Putonghua, naturally, unthinkingly, and he asks me, 你講中文嗎? You speak Chinese? and I get the privilege to answer, 是的! Yes.

His face shifts into a smile; he tells me to go to the plane show. It’s cheaper after five in the afternoon. It ends tomorrow, I really should go.

By proxy, the contractors hired to fix up the house also speak Chinese. I hear them speak Cantonese, and hear how they switch to Putonghua after hearing me speak. I tell them hello, tell them goodbye, they ask me about school; one of them catches me sleeping in, spots me wandering sluggish to my afternoon classes, and he laughs whenever he sees me trudging in and out of the house.

One day, my landlord asks, 你開學了嗎? 學什麼? Have you started school? What’re you studying?

心理學! I respond. Psychology!

所以你可以學 psychiatry, 是嗎? So you can study psychiatry, right? He asks, code-switching in a way that makes me giddy and eager and so reminiscent of home.

I laugh and tell him yes.

那你一定要, psychiatrists 好多錢咯! 美儒, 你一定要記得, 世界上第一就是錢, 什麼事情都需要錢。如果有錢, 那什麼都可以做! 你一定要記得! Then you have to! Psychiatrists make a lot of money. You must remember, the most important thing in the world is money. Everything needs money. With money, you can do anything! Remember this, Meiru.

He sounds just like home. Really, all I want to do is sing, but he’s the only person in this city of three million that uses my Chinese name, so I happily tell him yes.

I make a friend a block off of campus, a chance encounter in the hour between my lectures. She tells me about herself, and we revel in being a three-hour flight away from each other compared to the fifteen hours it takes us to get here. She has habits, mannerisms, that I only see from home. She starts to tell me about her Korean parents; I stop her and tell her where I’m from. She giggles, covers her mouth, and says from behind her hand: so you know. We bond over talk of home, of how East Asia prices its soju, of our thriving metropolis’ ever-steady transit systems. I walk away with a new contact in my phone. I walk away with a heart full of home.

The world evens itself out. Toronto settles itself comfortably into the hollow of my chest. Sometimes, it even waves hello. I wander from city to city, coasting, landlocked, and find that there is a piece of home everywhere I go. I have a key to the front door of a house that is mine. God, I have a postal code.

So, my body has never been very good at regulating temperature. I have always been more susceptible to the cold. I have always been resistant to change. Yet, with so much life, so much of my life, in and around and teeming through the city, I think that it’ll be okay. I come home to my best friends every night. I think I’ll be alright.



Fresh From the Boundary

Noah Cazabon
BOUNDARY NEWS



This Fall semester, Innis College is excited to say “Ello!” to its newest international student from across the pond, David Davies!

Innis College was Davies’ first pick when it came time to apply, citing numerous reasons. **“Innit College just has something about it.** Being surrounded at home in Brighton by lavish castles and historic Georgian architecture can get a bit boring. I could’ve gone to Victoria or Trinity College, but that’s mundane. **I knew I wanted something I’d never seen before, something with some real grunge and filth.** The late 90s modern design of the residence left me gobsmacked and lived up to all my expectations. It even has an aquarium-themed room; a level of kitsch I’ve never encountered before. **The place is truly the dog’s dinner, and I love it.”**

Davies says that the buildings themselves aren’t the only thing to love. “I really love the student body here. Quite diverse. You’ve got pretentious film students that remind me of Islington living in the same quarters as people reminiscent of Essex men. Truly a mixing pot.”



THE PIGEON FASHION WEEK

CHRONICLES VOL.4

An Innis Herald exclusive, featuring the best of the best in pigeon fashion

This pigeon’s look is BOLD and INNOVATIVE

Look at this literal angel of a pigeon

The “chicken pigeon” look is IN!!

Chicken pigeons are TAKING THE FASHION WORLD BY STORM!

An elegant pigeon in the classic colours

This pigeon steps out in some bold footwear...



Cannibal Corpse Wreaks Havoc in Toronto

Burak Batu Tuncel
ARTS & CULTURE

What’s that “noise”? You definitely have heard it somewhere: faint sounds of what sounds like someone having a seizure behind the drum kit, a voice that could belong to a man or a beast, inhumanely fast riffs...

That “noise” can be simply put to words as DEATH METAL; a subgenre of metal, distinguished by growled vocals, heavily distorted electric guitars and a super fast rhythm. It’s a wild and off-the-hook type of music which some love and others don’t understand.

Why do people love death metal? Well, many metalheads can’t say why. The answer is often as basic as “it’s cool” or “it’s heavy.” It’s the type of music you can go to when your morning coffee doesn’t quite wake you up. It can give you the energy you need. On the other hand, it’s also a calming kind of music. It’s cathartic in a sense that it substitutes the stress and anger you may be experiencing with something else. Cannibal Corpse bassist Alex Webster says that death metal is about “turning something negative to something positive by making it into music instead of doing something violent.” After listening to a good death metal album, I often feel much more relaxed and relieved of negative emotions.

Metal in concert is a whole new dimension. Firstly, there is the sense of belonging. As soon as you go through the venue door, you are surrounded by people who like the same things as you do. “You know the songs, you’re part of the crew,” states Cannibal Corpse frontman George “Corpsegrinder” Fisher. “You’re part of a family, everybody is there for a reason.” Concerts are a social place where you can make friends and have fun together without anyone judging you. It’s also a place where you can physically live the music through moshing and head-banging.

Let’s move on to a specific show that occurred on the 27th of September at REBEL. The first band to play was Blood Incantation. Their style combines death metal with pro-

gressive songwriting and alien-themed lyrics. They only played three songs, but one of them was their 18 minute epic. Even though their set felt short, they played the songs flawlessly.

Up next was Quebec-based death metal legends Gorguts. They mostly focused on their classic debut album “Considered Dead.” The dynamics of the songs still sound fresh today and the band was in top form. For the last song, they played the title track from their avant-garde album “Obscura.” It was very fascinating to see how they do the strange guitar fret tapping part live. Gorguts both satisfied my curiosity and my moshing needs. I also had the pleasure to meet with the band’s frontman, Luc Lemay, who is a very chill guy!

As Mayhem was coming up, the atmosphere in the crowd started to change. The hype was building up immensely. They are one of the most well known bands in the black metal subgenre, which is notable for its use of shrieking vocals, blast beats, and melodic riffage.

The crowd immediately turned to liquid when the band came on stage. It felt like the audience was a single organism. Every push and pull resulted in everyone moving. The mosh pit grew even bigger and if you were in the front row, you would probably be squeezed like a lemon.

Mayhem’s stage decoration matched their dark music really well. They had skulls, flags, hoods, and a noose. Frontman Attila Csihar has undeniable stage presence which keeps all eyes on him. The band was very fast but the guitars were a bit hard to hear at times.

After that, it was time to see the mighty Cannibal Corpse. Apparently the crowd wasn’t tired at all as chaos erupted again when the band appeared on stage. The set list was quite satisfactory as they played a lot of their signature songs. The new songs sounded massive live. What’s great about Cannibal Corpse is that their songs are strangely catchy as they are brutal. Lots of people were singing along. When the bass solo came in

“Hammer Smashed Face,” everyone stood still until we were hit right in the face with the blast beats as the pit got crazier than ever. I also crowd-surfed and the sight I had is something I won’t ever forget.

During the concert someone in the audience screamed, “Play something heavy,” which pissed off Corpsegrinder. After that, they seemed to play more brutally than ever! Corpsegrinder, a claw machine master who donates the plushies he wins to kids in need, was happy to receive a teddy bear from the audience. He was also nice enough to sign the records of the audience at the end of the show. Absolute legend.

Death metal may not be for everyone, but it means a lot to me and everyone who was there. It’s energizing and calming at the same time. Stressed about the midterms approaching? Maybe cue up some death metal. It might relax you. :)



The Traveller

A. W. Jenkins

CREATIVE

The traveller’s feet dragged at a steady pace along the silver sands. Reaching one hand out, they pulled themselves over the rocky shelf that blocked their path and continued onwards; it had been almost 20,000 steps since they emerged from the canyon, which meant that their journey would soon come to an end, as it had so many times before. The landscape trended downwards as they entered the depression, and the desert began to thin alongside the platforms of stone that protruded from the crater’s edge as shifting sands gave way to solid rock. This changing terrain had no effect on the traveller, whose skin had been eroded by aeons of exposure into little more than sandpaper. Feeling nothing as they walked but their own muscles flexing and contracting, they soon began to climb the crater’s rim and emerged onto the surface once more, continuing on.

Once, in the past, the traveller had gazed upon the surface of this world and marvelled at the beauty of it all, with an atmosphere so thin that they could see each star in perfect detail; now they could make out little more than darkness, their eyes plastered by achromatic dust. Still, they travelled onward. Sticking out among the level sands of the lunar desert were the traveller’s footprints, which lay untouched along their path as the sole proof of any life on the surface, set still until disturbed by the one who made them. Each step they took fit neatly into one of these footprints, as the traveller had fallen into an absolute routine, only straying from this established path when the planet itself demanded it by some geological disruption or another significant event. For now, though, the ground was still. As they made their way across the planet’s surface, the traveller suddenly found themselves submerged in darkness under a blanket of shadow which cast itself over the landscape for miles in each direction. The source of this shroud was a cliff edge, which jutted out of the desert around it and towered over the traveller’s feeble form. Foot by foot they scaled the wall of stone with unfailing precision, reaching for each rocky outcrop in the same place they had gripped during the last cycle. One day they would need to find a new way across, when the stone would erode from use. But not today. Not yet.

The weary traveller soon reached the cliff’s pinnacle, pulling themselves over the cold stone and onto their feet. They now stood at the peak of this formation and the highest point on the planet’s surface. From here, the vastness of this desolate world could be clearly seen, as the all-consuming stygian sky spread itself across the arching horizon and wrapped around the endless desert in a cold embrace. This sea of perfect pitch-blackness was dotted with islands of colour cutting through the void; red, blue, and yellow stars danced together to the eternal music of the winding cosmic winds, painting the abyss with every tint and tone comprehensible to the human mind in a symphony of beauty and light waiting idly by to inspire any soul that could see it. If only they could see it! But beauty was an idea all too foreign to the traveller. As ages had come and gone, their eyes had been chipped away into crude stone implements by the elements of this unforgiving world, primitive organs that could see only vague blots of grey and black. And so, with no hope of ever again seeing the stars and a path calling for their patronage, they cast their gaze to the ground and began to hike down the widening hill opposite to the cliff’s edge. The formation tapered off slowly from its abrupt beginning into a soft downward slope, not too different from the crater they had previously emerged from, and it was not long before they found themselves back on flat land as if nothing had stood in their way to begin with.

How long had life been like this? The traveller’s mind betrayed itself; there had once been a meaning to this journey, in a time too long ago to remember, when they had decided to take their first step. This recollection had long since faded into the void. The aeons tend to braid themselves together as a wicker basket, and those memories had fallen between the seams. Yet these sparks of the past, faded and distant beyond recognition, served no purpose to them now. All that mattered was the journey. It was a principle, and the only thought that they could hold on to, for the traveller knew that if they stopped, the ground would open up to swallow them whole. Perhaps there had once been a semblance of hope, a spark in their conscience that they would be rescued, that somebody, anybody would find them. Perhaps it was an animal instinct, if you could call them an animal, that force that kept them going—not faith, but the faint idea that this world was not immortal. But that no longer mattered. As this wanderer approached the end of their path, they did not stop, even for a moment. Continuing on, they took another step and began the cycle anew. Faced with the same barren world before them, with slow wandering steps, the traveller made their solitary way into the unending expanse.

The Return

Jackie Borland

CREATIVE

I find myself back here again. Frankly, I can’t seem to keep myself away from what has become my home away from home. I look up at Robarts and remember in first year when I went to every single floor that I could, just to see what was there. I hated the building at first. Its lack of personality felt as oppressive and sharp as the weird corners of the building. Nowadays I always sit in the study room on the fourth floor between classes. I remember very clearly how scared I was at first. My home is so far away. I’ve lived with my parents all my life, and now I was just expected to be okay with only seeing my dad and sisters in the few weeks between semesters? But I’ve grown. I still love and miss my family, but I’m getting used to doing things on my own... and I figured out how to put my dad on speed dial. Sid Smith is next, with “Mama’s Best Bulgarian Hotdogs” out in the plaza. I fucking love those hotdogs. I love the fact that Sid Smith is full of asbestos significantly less though. It worried me when I first saw the little yellow triangles in the corners of every room, and it still bothers me. I also still get lost trying to find my way around the basement. I did however learn that if you have a class in SS500, that’s NOT the fifth floor. I learned that lesson the hard way when I couldn’t find the elevator. Music blares in my headphones, attempting to drown out the discordant cacophony of the city. It almost works. The music makes the omnipresent noise a little more bearable. Or maybe it’s the noise cancelling nature of my specific headphones. Either way, music makes the commutes so much more bearable. After dark, when there are less people walking around, the music gets turned off, but the headphones stay on. This way I can hear if I am being followed, while also pretending I didn’t hear that random person bark at me. These are the kind of things you learn living in the big city. Don’t say hi to strangers, don’t take the TTC at night, listen for creeps, don’t interact with said creeps, keep a friend (or father) on speed dial. University College is the prettiest building on campus in my opinion, it makes me feel like I’m at Hogwarts (the Hogwarts BEFORE Rowling came out as a horrible person). Front campus has grass now too! When I arrived in Toronto, front campus was just a hole, and when I came back in second year it was just a hole. Even when the grass was caged in, I looked at it and respected it. Sometimes I would reach my fingers through the fence and stroke the grass like it’s an exotic wild animal, ready to bite or flee at any given moment. I can’t wait to run into the middle of the grass and let my body fall limp onto my back, looking up at the sky and pretending I’m just in a field, looking at MY castle. I’m the prettiest princess and this is my domain to rule. You want me to do an exam? Preposterous. Off with your head. Looking north from front campus shows University College in all its old, ivy-adorned beauty. Looking south shows Convocation Hall. Where every last one



Where every last one of us who finishes what we started will graduate one day. That day is a year and a half away from me. I'm not ready. I'm still just a little girl. Just a little girl from a town of ten thousand people now living in Toronto. Three million people in the city. Almost six and a half million in the GTA. Whoa. That's three hundred of my home towns. But with more diversity and fewer rednecks. When I'm home, I try to spend as much time outside as possible, in the woods, in the hills, by the river, in the river. I see deer, and porcupines, and skunks. In Toronto, buildings reach up above your head. Back home it was trees, trees stretching up and covering you like a blanket. Or an umbrella.

I want to like Queen's Park. I really do. You often see dogs and squirrels and trees. On those days, I love the park. You also often see convoyists. On those days I hate the park. I suppose it's not the park's fault, but now if I want nature, I sit on the trail leading up to Brennan Hall. Or, if religion is too much for me at the moment (which it often is), I'll go lay down under one of the trees in the Vic quad and close my eyes.

Sam's Showtime Schedule

Sam Guevara ARTS & CULTURE

Cheers to time passing by and celebrating it by being a cinephile pressing play. As we age, we greet the quarter-life crisis of being lost in life, but let us also greet a showtime special. Screen these motion pictures in tribute to getting old growing up and the loving, exploring, learning, experiencing, and living which comes with it. Within this list, find a what-to-watch guide of features alongside significant quotes or personal commentary. Without further ado a; film bro (normal woman), movie reviewer (Letterboxd user), and cinema scholar (cinema-minor undergrad) presents: The Twenties.

1. BEFORE SUNRISE (1995) Dir. Richard Linklater

Before Sunrise brilliantly opens up the beloved 'Before' Trilogy as a romantic indie film which carries much greatness. Greatness in its cinematography, especially its long one-take shots. Greatness in its characterization, especially the duality of being a romantic and a realist. Greatness in the chemistry, yet its cringeyness, between two people this tale follows. A heartaching and heartwarming portrayal of the deep pleasure romance can carry and the heavy pain reality can bring. All the while, showing moving moments of a couple becoming unregrettably and unapologetically very vulnerable together.



TL;DR if the song **About You** by The 1975 was a film it would be Before Sunrise.

2. TOUKI BOUKI (1973) Dir. Djibril Diop Mambéty

"A boy as tall as me should be king, but I'm not. So when I fight, I have to win. My father's strength is in me. My father's rage is in me. My father's moves are in me. My father's talent is in me."



3. GOOD WILL HUNTING (1997) Dir. Gus Van Sant

"You don't know about real loss, 'cause it only occurs when you love something more than you love yourself. I doubt you've ever dared to love anybody that much. I look at you, I don't see an intelligent, confident man. I see a cocky, scared shitless kid. But you're a genius."

4. PERSEPOLIS (2007) Dir. Marjane Satrapi, Winshluss

"If they hurt you, remember it's because they're stupid. Don't react to their cruelty. There's nothing worse than bitterness and revenge. Keep your dignity and be true to yourself."

5. LA LA LAND (2016) Dir. Damien Chazelle

After my first watch of **La La Land**, I was most captivated by its beauty in a cinematic sense. There is talent on behalf of the cast and crew alike on display: the score, montages, dialogue between Gosling and Stone, and its careful use of handheld shots, specifically at certain clever times whenever the story itself gets shaky. **La La Land** is a dreamy tale told by way of its dreamy look.

After my second watch of **La La Land**, I was most captivated by its beauty through a spectator connection. I see myself in Mia's dream of performing, Seb's stubbornness when pursuing talent. I understand wanting someone to be the best version of themselves, pushing somebody to reach their fullest potential the way Mia and Seb act as artists and as lovers, Mia and Seb clearly capture the feelings of falling in love, along with falling out of love, and significantly so because the two not only fall in love and fall out of love with a partner, but also fall in love and fall out of love with their passion. **La La Land** is a dreamy tale told by way of its dreamy look, yet is felt due to an ability to familiarize itself with anyone who has ever dared to dream in love, or life, if not both.

La La Land reminds you to be a dramatic dreamer and long-lasting lover, both for people from your past and passions of your present.



all visuals credits go to screencaps from the respective film



Want to be a Lawyer? Don't Watch *Suits*.

Catherine Dume

ARTS & CULTURE

Imagine you are a partner at a big law firm downtown looking for an associate lawyer, and a young man stumbles into your office, carrying a mysterious suitcase, pretending to be one of the candidates for the associate position, you are about to call for security when he manages to convince you to keep him on because he knows the law via photographic memory even though he never went to law school: Do you hire him on the spot or do you get him arrested?

If you said the latter you would be legally correct, but according to the plot of *Suits*, you would be dead wrong. The entire premise of the show relies on the decision by Harvey Spectre to hire someone who never went to law school as an associate lawyer. How is it possible you ask, that a show about the law would conduct the illegal action of hiring a fraud as a lawyer?

Short answer? Drama and the need to keep things spicy.

Apparently, the TV producers behind the early 2010's show really thought the law itself was boring to watch, and thus had nearly every single character in the show break the law to feed into the intriguing irony.

As much as the show is entertaining, as someone who is studying for the LSAT and plans to go to law school eventually, I wanted to gain a taste of what lawyers do for a living; but ended up having disappointment turn into horror at the amount errors, inaccuracies and worse – broken laws – that happen within the span of each episode.

So I reached out to Trinity College Alum and associate cybersecurity lawyer Raajan Aer from Toronto-based law firm Fasken to discuss what being a lawyer is truly like and bust a few myths about the show:

What are the top qualities a lawyer must have?

“The, most important one is probably integrity. There are so many sensitivities in being a lawyer. Somebody is coming to you for your expertise in a particular area and, uh, you know, you owe them a duty. You owe them many duties, to communicate with them in particular ways and to, uh, fulfill various obligations. So making sure you meet those obligations that you have to your client is the first and foremost thing.”

“It helps to have an interest in problem-solving and really wanting to kind of grapple with the difficult questions and figure out how to...you know, take something away from difficult situations and how to move forward from them.”

“It helps, at least in my area, to be a good writer and a good communicator. A lot of what we do is writing legal opinions to clients or writing legal documents like factums or motion materials that get filed with the court and you're trying to convince someone to do something. So being a strong writer is helpful because You want to make sure you're getting your points across the way that you intend to, and that your reader is getting [your points across] without confusion or complications.”

While Mike Ross certainly is a great communicator and problem solver, because he is inherently a fraud pretending to be a lawyer, he lacks integrity, and thus any case he touches would have the grounds for a civil suit on the pretense that he is not a real lawyer and thus his clients would suffer as a result.

The LSAT does NOT prepare you for law school and in turn being a lawyer.

Despite being the only standardized test every student aspiring to be a lawyer must take, according to Raajan who has taught the LSAT, the test doesn't really prepare you for law school. Rather the LSAT prepares you for taking the test. It teaches you learnable skills such as logical reasoning, analytical reasoning reading comprehension and argumentative writing. These are important skills to have as a lawyer in general, but just because you have taken the test multiple times (like Mike Ross has) does not guarantee that you will be a good lawyer. Rather, to be a good lawyer you must learn skills that are taught to you in law school as well as on the job in the law firm. Thus Mike's super photogenic memory cannot even save him if he were to try pretending to be a lawyer in the real world.

Winning is important, but you also have a duty to uphold

One of the important things to know about Harvey Spectre is that he loves to win, and he will do anything to win. I mean anything, including but not limited to intimidating opposing council's witnesses when their lawyers aren't present, blackmailing, and colluding with the opposing council to strike up a deal.

According to Raajan, winning is one of the main reasons a client hires a lawyer. They want a lawyer who will be able to advocate their objectives in a persuasive manner, and thus you are expected to do whatever you can to help your clients.

That being said, Raajan explains that lawyers have an obligation: “You have duties as an officer of the court to make sure that justice occurs... Obligations go beyond your client, you also have obligations to opposing council and parties and obligations to the public.” All of these must be balanced out and respected.

This means, that when Harvey intimidates witnesses, blackmails and colludes with the opposing council, he is breaking these obligations to ensure justice occurs.

What are the top qualities a lawyer must have?

“The most important one is probably integrity. There are so many sensitivities in being a lawyer. Somebody is coming to you for your expertise in a particular area and you owe them a duty. You owe them many duties: to communicate with them in particular ways and to fulfill various obligations. So making sure you meet those obligations that you have to your client is the first and foremost thing.”

“It helps to have an interest in problem-solving and really wanting to kind of grapple with the difficult questions, and figure out how to take something away from difficult situations, and how to move forward from them.

“It helps, at least in my area, to be a good writer and a good communicator. A lot of what we do is writing legal opinions to clients or writing legal documents like factums or motion materials that get filed with the court and you're trying to convince someone to do something. So being a strong writer is helpful because you want to make sure you're getting your points across the way that you intend to, and that your reader is getting [your points across] without confusion or complications.”



Boy Dinners: ep. 1

Struggle Meals with Style and Spice

Yash Kumar Singhal

RECIPE

Abstract

Welcome to Boy Dinners, the cooking show where we teach hungry college students how to cook struggle-meals, but with style and spice. We get it, cooking is hard. It’s like a chemistry lab, but if you mess up, instead of just “getting corrosive chemicals on your skin” or “breathing in toxic fumes,” you have to face much more dire consequences: being sad and ordering takeout. Cooking, especially if you have the free time of an engineer or the skills of a Rotman student, can be messy, stressful, dangerous, and slow. That’s where I come in. I, Yash Kumar Singhal, am here to teach you my best recipes for quick, easy, and healthy, vegetarian meals! Starting with the most important meal of the day: breakfast.

Introduction:

Cooking in the morning is especially hard when you’re not only late for class, but also rushing to complete those pre-class readings you forgot to do, all the while trying your very best to fight the urge to skip class altogether and just go back under the covers. Most mornings, I just layer some hummus on a piece of toast (yeah, fight me, it’s delicious and nutritious) to eat on my way to lecture. But, if by some strange miracle, I end up with an extra 20 minutes in the morning, I like to make myself a nice ‘Pistiroti’.

Pistiroti

Pan-fried layered potato pancakes?

Ingredients (for 2 pistirotis - keeps one semi-hungry biology student full for around 2-3hrs):

2 potatoes (any kind)

1 adult carrot

Fat (butter, oil, lard, petrol, whatever)

Salt, pepper, and any other seasonings you like

Cheese (if you want)

Equipment:

A pan (ideally non-stick so it is not a pain to clean)

A stove (or other heat source)

A way to boil potatoes (I just use my dorm MEeCRovaveY)

A thing to flip stuff with (or you can just use your hands if you’re brave enough)

A grater (or a combination of crazy incredible knife skills & unresolved anger issues)

Methods:

Wash the veggies, peel the carrot, and grate the carrot.

Cut each potato into 2 halves. Parboil the potatoes (I find it easiest to just put them in a microwavable bowl, cover with water, and bombard with radiation on high for 3-4 minutes).

Once parboiled, cool the potatoes down so as to not burn your hands. Then, grate the potatoes.

Put your pan on medium heat and throw in a bit of your fat

Take half a potato’s worth of grated potato and put it in the pan

Layer half your grated carrot and whatever seasonings your heart desires on top of the potato. Add the cheese (or any other toppings) and let the whole thing sizzle for a little bit. You can cover it with a lid to get the cheese nice and melty.

After about a minute or two, add the rest of your potato on top and use your spatula to pat the whole thing down (think of it like a grilled cheese but the bread is potato and the cheese is carrot).

Now flip it! This is the hardest step to master but you can do it, I believe in you. Be brave, it’s just a leap of faith.

Add a little more fat around the sides and move the pan around slowly to get some under the pistiroti.

After a minute or two (or until there is a nice golden brown crust!), put it on a plate and enjoy hot!

Repeat with leftover ingredients for a second.

Results:

It is very good.

Discussion

Get your hands dirty, it is more fun this way and also one less utensil to wash.

Add a fried egg on top to make the meal a little fancier and heartier.

Add some baby spinach or other veggies (that you wouldn’t mind eating raw) when you add the carrot. #Health

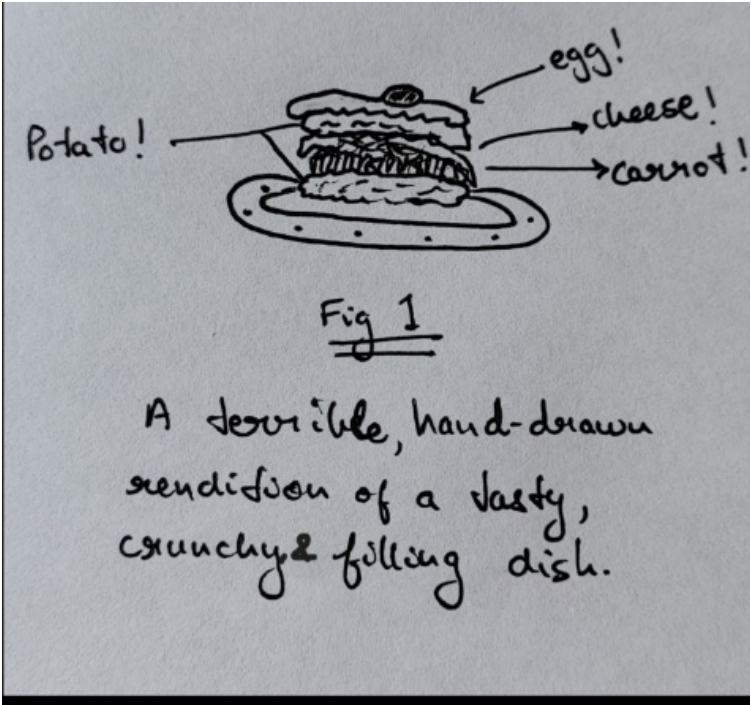
Play around with toppings and seasonings! I like mine with loads of black pepper, some chilly sauce, and kewpie mayo.

Boil some potatoes on the weekend and keep them in a ziplock to use all week!

You could also put this entire thing inside a tortilla wrap for the ultimate breakfast burrito.

References:

My mom, lol.





Commuter Student Survival Tips

Kiran Basra
STUDENT LIFE

This university really loves to forget that most of us don't spend time studying in our dorms, hanging with our roommates, and learning to #adult for the first time. Most of us spend it living in our childhood bedrooms, trying not to fall asleep on the TTC, and telling our new friends we can't hang out because our mommy gets worried when we're home late. For first years, former downtown kids who ran out of money, and my homies from North York, Scarborough, Etobicoke, Mississauga, Brampton, Vaughan, Markham, Richmond Hill, Pickering, and Ajax – here are some tricks to survive as a commuter. Not for Oakville kids, though. If you're from Oakville, I demand you stop reading.

Your backpack

When you already carry your life on your back like a turtle, what's adding an extra half-kilogram to help yourself out in an emergency? Bring extras, and be generous; I've made a surprising amount of friends because I had Advil on me when they had a headache.

If you only bring one thing beside your laptop to school, make it a water bottle; just by having the option of using one you'll end up so much more hydrated. Don't bother to fill it up more than halfway before you leave the house – water is heavy, and you can refill it all over campus anyway.

Things you need, because you will use at least one of these a week:

- Bandaids
- Over-the-counter painkillers
- A shelf-stable snack
- A \$20 bill
- Something to write with
- A pack of tissues
- A plastic fork

Things you should consider based on your own needs:

- Wet wipes
- Fidget toys
- A pack of cards
- Hairties
- Glasses cloth and cleaner
- Pads
- Lip balm
- Travel-sized hand lotion
- Travel-sized deodorant
- A set of earbuds
- Spare socks
- Mints/hard candy

Your school

Campus is a maze, especially if you don't have a home base like someone who lives on res. Make sure you explore it. You deserve to feel at home here, too. Find a bathroom you like near your transit stop – the day you decide to hold it until you get home is ALWAYS the day where the subway shuts down and you nearly piss your pants.

Find someplace where no one goes. There is going to be a time when you are desperate for privacy; to poop, to eat, to nap, or to cry. Look in basements, top floors, buildings off the main roads. Also, I shouldn't have to say this, but your pooping spot should NOT be the same as your napping spot.

The Office of Student Life tries their best to help us, I'm sure, but 10 of their appointments can't do for you what being on a first-name basis with a caretaker, restaurant worker, or secretary working on campus can. Be friendly and polite, and don't feel strange about introducing yourself. You'll get a sense of community out of it – and you might get to know a few secrets about the school.

Your friends

It is so hard to talk to people on this campus. High school friends drift away, and exchanging Instagrams on the first day never really does anything. If you're saying goodbye to your family and not speaking another word until you get back home, you're not going to like school.

Join a club. I know everyone says this, and I know it's going to suck. You'll be tired after a long day, and getting home hours after dark is terrible. But it is literally the only way to make friends. Join two or three that work with your schedule. Don't bother if they don't meet in person. Go to the first two meetings, and then if you hate it after that you can quit. But if you like even one person there, stick with them. Even if they don't end up being your friend, they might introduce you to the people who will be.

One of your friends needs to be someone who lives on campus or very near it. I know this sounds manipulative, but cultivate that relationship as best you can. There will come a night where you're too tired to go home, and it's so much better to call a friend and crash downtown than to sleep on a desk at Bahen hoping no one steals your stuff.

If you want your friend group to stay together, don't shit where you eat. You should only be hooking up with a friend (or someone important to a friend) if you're interested in a long-term relationship with that person, or if you've talked about it properly. Otherwise, inevitably, one person catches feelings or one person feels betrayed, and then everyone has to pick sides and you all fall apart.

Your safety

Our city is not dangerous, but you should always be careful, even if you're a guy and assume no one would target you. All that means is no one told you what to look out for.

If you're commuting and someone is being volatile, put your headphones on, turn your music off, and close your eyes. People pay less attention to someone who's not moving or making eye contact, and this way you can track the hazard without them realizing you're doing it. If you ever feel in danger (instead of just uncomfortable), get off as soon as you can and find an official to wait beside until you can get on the next one. Better half an hour late than hurt.

If you're being harassed, or suspect you're being followed, go into a fast-food place. Buy something small and tell the employees what's happening. Ask if you can wait until the person loses interest. If they follow you in, the employees will chase them out and will help keep you safe. If you can't find a restaurant, catch up to a pedestrian and ask to walk with them. Most people will help. At a party, never take a drink from someone who doesn't work there. That thing about roofies tasting salty is a myth – you probably will not know someone slipped you something until you pass out. If you get into trouble, go to the bartender of the club or the fraternity brothers at the house. They are invested in keeping you safe, because if you get hurt they'll be shut down. And PLEASE use the buddy system.

Living away from home isn't for everybody – it wasn't for me. I love this school so much more now that I go back to my family at the end of each day. Commuting isn't easy, but with a little bit of effort and organization it can turn from something embarrassing into something you wouldn't change for the world.



U of T Washrooms Review

Rebecca Sacco
STUDENT LIFE

Do you have a favourite UofT washroom? We all have to go...so why not do it somewhere you enjoy? Have you noticed that each washroom is slightly different but some may be more to your liking? Any class I have –and trust me, I’ve been all over campus – I need to know where the nearest washroom is. Some have the modern, self-flushing toilets – are you ever afraid the power may shut off when using these facilities? Or is that just me? (Note: I will only be ranking the female bathrooms, and the rating system is out of 5 toilet paper rolls 🧻)

Let’s start off with Innis - 🧻🧻🧻🧻

This washroom is located in the basement, it has a lot of mirrors and has automatic flushing and sinks. Overall, this is a decent washroom and even has period products that are available for FREE. I call that a win. But why are the majority of washrooms in the basement? Also, why are there so many mirrors? Every time I walk in I think I’ll bump into someone and realize it’s actually just my reflection staring at me as I turn to walk towards the stalls.

Robarts - first floor 🧻🧻🧻
This washroom has many stalls, which is great for a high-populated building, as well as automatic toilets

and sinks. But in order to enter, there are stairs. Not very accessible.

UC - main floor washrooms 🧻🧻🧻

UC is a complicated building. Many of us struggle with finding our classes, let alone the bathrooms – who is with me? The main floor washrooms have two stalls and one sink, which makes it difficult when more than two people are in the washroom. A line forms to wash your hands and then a line forms to use the toilet. It is a game of fancy footwork and may I have the next dance to get in and out of the stall during peak times.

UC basement washroom 🧻🧻🧻🧻

Now, the issue with this washroom is the fact that it is in the basement ... or maybe also the automatic sinks and toilets ... again, you know my fear. And to be trapped in a basement when the power is out is worse than Friday the 13th landing in October. You follow? Now, fears aside, I do like this washroom, but I find it interesting that there are two locks for the stalls. Why would we need the extra security? To escape from Jason?

Carr Hall third floor washroom 🧻🧻🧻🧻

If there was a power outage, I would definitely use this washroom, as the toilets and sinks are manual and there are paper towels there to dry your hands. The concern I have with this washroom is that there are only two stalls. A line forms during peak times at the start or end of classes. There is a very small mirror and it has extra room as the sinks are not placed together. The dispenser for period products is not free, so make sure to have some change in your pocket if you find yourself needing an emergency stash.

Goldring Student Centre washrooms 🧻🧻🧻🧻
The washroom near Cat’s Eye is nice and spacious. It has full length mirrors for OOTD (outfit of the day) photos. The toilets and sinks are automatic, and there is a dispenser for FREE period products. There are many stalls which is a bonus.

Sidney Smith washrooms 🧻🧻🧻🧻
Both washrooms on the first and second floor have lots of stalls that have automatic toilets and sinks. There is an accessible stall. The lineups get pretty long during peak times. There is a large mirror along the sinks area.

Embracing Pink

Keely Chauvin
CREATIVE

Circa 2008, a small version of me sat nestled in my room accompanied by my favourite stuffed dog – Rosie – named after the blush colour of her fur. I pulled my fluffy pink diary and matching pen out from the drawer of my nightstand, flipped to a fresh page, and prepared to document the thoughts that were eating away at my young mind. “i LOV PNK,” I scribbled on the page. Admiring my work, I decided it wasn’t yet complete, and one sentence was not enough to encapsulate exactly how much I loved pink. I copied the sentence down again, then again, until I had a page full of statements proclaiming my favourite colour. Satisfied, I gave Rosie a squeeze to celebrate having finished my masterpiece. Like many little girls, I had a love for pink that developed into obsessive fascination by the age of five. Walls? Clothes? Nintendo DS? All pink! So, you can imagine the confusion from my parents as they watched my love of pink fade as I got older, eventually curdling into hatred by second grade. Or at least, what I projected as hatred. I secretly still loved pink. I painted over my walls, but the fact that my Nintendo DS remained pink brought me joy; it became a piece of femininity I could preserve, but pretend I hate anyway!

To understand why I hated pink, I have to first pinpoint what pink meant to me. The shame stems not from the colour itself, but from what it

represents. Liking pink is an obvious giveaway that someone may be a girly girl. To be girly was to be fragile, sensitive, unserious. Negative connotations with girliness were further enforced by daily exposure to shaming of the girls who dared to wear tiaras to school and tie their sneakers with ribbon. How could I not want to disassociate myself with pink? I was willing to do anything to prove that I was strong and worthy, including repressing a piece of myself. If I had to pretend to hate sweet Rosie to be thought of as tough, then that’s what I would do.

I spent the rest of elementary school and early high school whispering and snickering with my friends at the “girly girls” who insisted on braiding their hair and wearing skirts. We didn’t dare waste our time on such feminine idiocies. We used our time much more wisely... sitting behind a tree and talking poorly about the other girls in our grade. “Did you hear Emma in gym class!?” a friend once brought to my attention. “She was crying over a broken nail.” We scoffed at Emma’s weakness. I continued the conversation with my friend, eyes fixed on the ground, plucking blades of grass. “She is a bit of a girly girl... she whines about those kinds of things all the time.” My friend agreed and we both laughed, grateful that we were above worrying about the state of our nails. The laughter died down, and we sat in an awkward silence as our smiles faded. I hypothesised that, just like I did, my friend wished she felt secure enough to paint her nails.

Through social media, a new seed was planted in my

brain: “girlboss.” The word exists to empower femininity and provides a quick way to address congratulations. Admittedly, I think the popularity of the term “girlboss” really helped me realize how much internalized misogyny I had. To me, you could be a girl and be a “boss”, but you could not identify with both words simultaneously. If you wanted to be a female boss, you had to first separate yourself from girlhood. It wasn’t until I found discomfort with the word that it occurred to me that I may have a problem. From the time I had this revelation onwards, I rediscovered the love of pink I had spent a decade burying. I am now a proud owner of a dozen dresses, floral print bedsheets, and as much pink as I can get my hands on. I put glitter on my eyelids before I leave the house, I wear the same rose quartz necklace everyday, and my backpack is a shade of blush similar to Rosie that I am proud to sport. I’m making up for the years I spent resenting pink and embracing the power of femininity, and the result has left me with a better self-esteem. I look in the mirror and smile at the acne on my cheeks, because to me, it is a natural blush; I love my thighs because of the way my dresses and skirts rest on them; my exercise of choice will always be ballet because I get to wear tulle skirts and ribbons in my hair. My friends will describe me with words like “soft”, “gentle”, and “wholesome”, but I think they would also describe me as “secure”, “strong”, and “independent” – something younger me never was.



Us, briefly

Ryan Nguyen
POETRY

Below. I float forth,
Aimlessly through the dark.
Night is a cloak, night is indifferent,
But you hide during the day.

Where in the lights do I find you?
Up there you appear but not quite,
As tonight you and I are the same—
So where do I find your light?
Up above the world so high,
I wonder if you see me.
Regardless I gaze and stare and sigh—
I'm found because I see you.

Above. You fly above.
Starling, darling, I'm beckoning:
Sit down or I'll never reach you.
Dearest doe, I'm beckoning:
Walk down or I'll never teach you just how lovely all
can be.
My past, your past,
Our past we're past, and now our story is free.
So descend from the hill,
And follow my eyes into your mind,
And believe you are as I see you.

Below. We flow on, bound:
Past these trees, and all these leaves,
And this here storm, and all this snow,
And these here fields, and all these flowers,
And this here sky, and here the sun—
As all have seen before—
And this time we'll make the days our own.

Apart. We drift down.
Our forest split in two anew
Into a new sky.
Below. We're forced forth.
Past breathing woods.
Falling leaves.
Falling snow.
Flying flowers.
A floating sun.
As we've seen all before—
But this time we'll make the days on our own.

I can't see you,
And I can't save you.
But in passing we feel the seasons change;
The spirits flutter and I feel your light.
I see you somewhere
In the forest we made,
And it's enough to know you're there.

so I did

Emma Tran
POETRY

so I did it alone
without thinking
and without fearing no one would catch me
when I fell
I did it anyways
because I wanted to let go
and let myself fall to pieces
and so I did
or so I thought
since it washed away
my memory
and it left me
brand new



GRAPHIC BY EMMA TRAN



Film Reviews From You

Multiple

CINSSU COLLAB

Auteur Awakening: Wes Anderson's Rule-Bending Filmmaking

Atinc Goc

The “show vs. tell” dilemma is a key challenge in filmmaking, focusing on whether to convey information visually or through dialogue. It's a fundamental choice that can make or break a film's quality. How one answers this question is what separates great movies from bad movies.

In his recently released short films, Wes Anderson refused to answer this question. He simply broke one of the most fundamental rules of cinema and produced something new. A series of short films that often make the audience feel like they are reading a book. And this is not the only fundamental rule he broke in these films. It is not wrong to say that the 4th wall does not exist anymore. Characters talk directly to audiences' eyes. Without a doubt, this is unusual, unexpected, and almost revolutionary. Wes Anderson was always known for his distinctive visual style and storytelling and has received both acclaim and criticism for his work. So the question is, how does this new approach reflect his filmmaking, and what should we expect from him in the future?

Netflix released Wes Anderson's short films a short time ago. The most anticipated among these experimental films, *The Wonderful Story of Henry Sugar*, is a brief piece of entertainment at just 37 minutes. The story follows Henry Sugar, a rich man, and his efforts to develop a skill that is almost a superpower which can make him even richer. The narrative is presented through theatrical settings. The film is very fast-paced due to fast-talking characters and constantly changing stage decorations. Anderson's adaptation is intriguing and uniquely his own but it's criticized for its two-dimensionality.

The Swan, released alongside Anderson's other shorts, includes classic Wes Anderson ingredients in a brief runtime. The narrative forges a strong emotional connection, escalating tension over 17 minutes with a poignant story of bullying and animal cruelty. In his many films, Wes Anderson has adult characters who have child-like behaviours and actions. However, *The Swan* takes this to another level, showing both the kid character and his adult version together, telling us

about the event while it was happening and showing the impact of the years that passed after the event. In short, it is by far the most heartbreaking film by Wes Anderson.

After watching *Asteroid City* I was disappointed not liking a Wes Anderson film. I was more disappointed when I found out it became the lowest-rated movie of his career. Mark Kermode wrote in the *Guardian* that the film was “more irritating than amusing.” This failure increased the importance of the coming Netflix shorts, and while watching them I was relieved. Looks like he learned from his mistakes. And one can wonder if this is a turning point for his career and how the future looks for Wes Anderson.

To analyze this question, we should go back in time. While it may seem unconventional to compare a filmmaker with a painter, I must argue that Wes Anderson is similar to Pablo Picasso in their respective fields because of their unique visual storytelling and a penchant for evoking profound emotions. Both artists are celebrated and often criticized for their unique artistic styles.

Picasso's journey through art can be characterized as a series of evolving styles, each marked by distinct phases. His approach evolved and changed over time before he invented his revolutionary art form; Cubism. With this new style, he challenged the perception of beauty, reality and the meaning of art. And of course, he came under fire of criticism. The title of a 1911 article said, “It Requires an Odd Sort of Taste to Appreciate Their Crazy Drawing.” And in 1938, a critic stressed, “Art has always reflected life and still does; the unhappy fact is that at present, it quite generally reflects the worst rather than the best.” For decades his art was criticized. Similarly, Anderson's unconventional approach may be a turning point in his career. With this evolution, Wes Anderson enters his cubic phase as he breaks the rules of filmmaking in many aspects and still finds a way to be successful. Wes Anderson is getting closer to becoming an icon, but he has to prove himself in all his new movies to become one.

Frances Ha: A Look Into Maximizing Your 20s

Zoe Zusman

So I recently watched *Frances Ha* a few weeks ago, and let me tell you, it changed my life. I was honestly very reluctant to see this film until I was actually in my 20s living

alone and trying to figure out my life because I thought it would be more reflective of the time I'd be in. I felt that if I watched it earlier I'd be longing for that period of my life to come faster than it could and I'd try to shape my life to be like it. Well, I watched it prematurely anyway and I guess I was right—though I wouldn't say it's in a longingly sad way but more a hopeful, exciting way.

Frances Ha is a beautifully shot film that depicts the ups and downs of its main character Frances, a woman in her late 20s living in New York City who is set on becoming a professional dancer. She struggles with blocks in both her career and her relationship with her best friend Sophie as she goes through a whirlwind of changes in her life: changing jobs, apartments, and friends. Frances has this deterministic view of her life, that her life must follow a certain trajectory with no deviations—and she tries to hold on to this view until it becomes absolutely impossible to do so.

The first major upheaval in her life is when her best friend and roommate Sophie decides to move out and get an apartment with someone else. This is told to Frances right after she rejects the idea of moving in with her boyfriend, thinking that Sophie wants to live with her for a while and couldn't bear to be without her. Soon we see that it is actually Frances who wants to stay with Sophie. This shows us a glimpse of what their relationship will be like throughout the rest of the film. Frances's insecurities are continuously projected onto others, perhaps to make her feel more secure in her own life and to hide her weaknesses.

Security in Frances's life is something she wishes she had in many aspects: in her apartment, her job, and her relationships. When Sophie begins to get more serious with her boyfriend, you can see the differences in how she and Frances view their relationship. In Frances's eyes, it's the two of them against the world no matter what. But Sophie's life is ever-changing and things get in the way. It is clear from her more stereotypical attitude towards life that she sees it as more traditional—a steady job and marriage, ready for the changes to come. With Frances set in her naïve viewpoint that life can stay the same forever, a rift between the two of them emerges.

While Frances is in and out of jobs, trying to make ends meet, she continuously tries to hold on to her love of dance. Frances wants to be a famous dancer and work with the company she's been with for a long time,



but she slowly realizes that that may not be her path—she finally understands that life isn’t supposed to be the same forever and that you can’t stay stuck in your dreams. And although she tries and tries again, telling her friends that she’s going to be with the company (even at one point lying to say she is), it ultimately never happens for her. Other opportunities come up for her instead: she starts her own smaller dance group and gets an office job at her old studio, even though that’s not what Frances initially set her mind to. Viewers may see her consistent persistence as her being delusional, but I think it’s actually something else.

There’s this overarching idea in this film that once you’re finally in adulthood, it’s a race to achieve all these “goals” by a certain time. These could include getting married, buying a house, or even job security. And in having this sort of race planted in people’s minds, it makes each person create a competition between themselves and the world over things that they mostly cannot control. We see this with how Frances and Sophie interact throughout the second half of the film. Whenever they see each other, they tell these white lies to each other to make it seem like their lives are going perfectly as planned. But in reality, they both are still figuring out what’s right for them.

Overall, I’m really glad I watched Frances Ha and didn’t wait until I was twenty-something and spiraling in my apartment wondering what I should do with my life. I think it encapsulates that life is forever changing and messy, but still full of people you will love. And even though life may seem chaotic now, there will always be something better waiting for you.

Review: Paprika (2006)

Genevieve Sugrue

Paprika (2006) is a surreal, psychological odyssey jam-packed into 90 minutes of techni-

colour. It’s a known secret that I am a science fiction junkie, and Paprika fulfilled exactly what I had been craving after weeks of alternating between austere, classic screenings in CIN301 and stoner comedies with my friends. They’re lots of fun, but when I’m alone and I get to choose a DVD just for myself, it’s films like Paprika that I gravitate to. The plot follows Dr. Atsuko Chiba, a psychiatrist working on the development of the “DC Mini”, a device that infiltrates the brain and allows people to watch others’ dreams. Though a serious scientist, she takes a highly unorthodox method with her patients and secretly treats them outside of the facility entering their dreams as her alter-ego, Paprika. The DC Mini is a highly volatile device, so havoc is quickly wreaked when its capabilities fall into the wrong hands, and the line between dreams and reality begins to merge. I love the motif of false awakenings in this film. Christopher Nolan’s Inception was actually inspired by Paprika and the parallels between the two are quite apparent through this motif. The cyclical, fantastical nature of the world is really compelling to me because it entirely rejects standard conceptions of time and possibility. The viewer is ordered, in some ways, to surrender their sanity and go along for the ride. When Dr. Chiba is present, we see the material world as it is. Her colleague, Dr. Shima, unknowingly wears a hacked DC Mini and goes on a suicidal tirade. This is what is “really” happening. But it is in scenes where Dr. Chiba becomes Paprika where we no longer see events as they “are” but as they are seen in the mind – in the world of dreams. This dichotomy of reality and unreality is extremely complex, and often contradictory, which I applaud as a lifelike depiction of the human mind.

As much fun as I had during my viewing experience, I felt that Paprika’s plot needed more time than 90 minutes to develop. It seemed a bit rushed for something of its scope. In my opinion, Paprika would have benefitted from some extra time to resolve

loose ends, especially Dr. Chiba and Tokita’s romance which seemingly came out of nowhere at the very end.

Despite the constraints, the plot is strong and it lends well to the gorgeous animation that represents it. Paprika is visually stunning and I expected no less from director Satoshi Kon. This is some of the best of what surrealist anime can be. The aesthetic is hypnotic and rich and seldom stagnant (it caused a bit of eyestrain for me, but I coped for the sake of art). There’s a striking dichotomy of colour use between Dr. Chiba’s coldness and Paprika’s warmth. I think that the visual style of Paprika is a lovely deviation from the popular conception of what a science fiction film looks like. It doesn’t centre on space cowboys and mad scientists – rather, these are quite... normal scientists – and the outlandishness is sourced internally from the capabilities of our own minds rather than externally from monsters and aliens.

I thoroughly enjoyed Paprika and the mental whiplash it gave me. It scratched the itch I’d had for intense, thoughtful animation, and it was extremely worth my trek out to Bay Street Video. I appreciated its playfulness and its commitment to never letting you predict its next move. The DC Mini may not really exist, but what is clear from the film is this: sometimes our dreams are stranger than fiction.





Falling In (And Out Of) Love

Zachary Zanatta PLAYLIST OF THE MONTH

I treat Fall music like a competitive sport. The atmosphere of Fall is a vibe like no other, and my attempt to capture that sensation is always the highlight of my year. Fall allows for dozens of musical avenues, whether it be emo, folk, or soul, but to me Fall can be captured with a theme rather than a sound. This year the music of Fall continuously turns to love. It’s a time where fledging romance gets to flourish, a season that feels warm despite the cooling temperatures. This playlist seeks to represent those feelings of love in the fall ranging from folksy crushes to orchestral musings on age.

The playlist begins with **Perpetuum Mobile from Penguin Café Orchestra**, which can only be described as a love song with no words. The song steadily traverses up and down twinkly arpeggios as strings occasionally interrupt the musical clockwork with swelling chords. A perfect song to kick off a season of romance as its meaning is up to you. Perhaps the jumpy violins encapsulate your naïve excitement for the new few months, or the staccato piano reminds you of the coziness of your current relationship, or maybe the soaring strings wash you in an all too familiar melancholy. Either way, Fall isn’t just about new beginnings, it’s about your new beginning, and with Perpetuum Mobile, you set the stage for what the next 8 songs mean to you

Sam Cooke’s (What A) Wonderful World ushers us into reality by reminding us of our Fall responsibilities including history, biology, and French. His smooth croon seeks to jolt us out of our summer daze and rope us back into reality. And the reality is the summer break has reduced our literacy to that of a 3rd grade level and we’ve forgotten our multiplication tables. The return to school is dizzying and elusive, we can hardly keep pace.

The Luckiest Guy on the Lower East Side from the Magnetic Fields similarly communicates the return to class as Stephen Merrit unloads a laundry list of academic peers such as Harry, Chris, John, and

Professor Blumen over a jumpy synth beat. Both songs malign the stresses of school from prom to algebra, but neither is really about school. Rather, a potent and innocent love defines these two songs. They take place in crowded halls and classrooms, but their hearts hang far above the monotony of schoolwork, held up by wide-eyed longing. These two songs capture the feeling of sitting by the window seat of the library, books piled above your head with the tiniest sliver of window as your view to the outside world. Somehow you manage to catch the glance of the right person at the right time. Next thing you know the remainder of your notes on cell division have the i’s dotted with little hearts.

The following songs, **Piazza, New York Catcher and Absolutely Cuckoo** showcase the reigning champion of Autumnal music, acoustic twee. However, while they’re built from basic strumming and soft vocals, the songs are anything but simple. Innocent love is complicated by self loathing, time, commitments, distance, and a litany of baseball references. While Fall is fun and the emergence of autumn romance makes us all feel like kids again, it’s not a season without its hardships. And sometimes beneath jumpy major chords and Stuart Murdoch’s delightful singing are problems more complex than peppy twee.

The next two songs create a romantic contrast. **Any-one Else But You and Seeing Other People** cover two relationships; one steeped in lovestruck gullibility and the other plagued by a myriad of problems from sexuality to secrets. They’re both soft songs, but in remarkably different ways. One is cozy, the other is bruised, both doing their absolute best to convey their feelings. Autumn is a month defined by the indoors as much as it is the outdoors. Big wool sweaters and a good book open the doors to a renewed vulnerability formerly suffocated by the summer’s raucous weekends and sun-baked afternoons. Whether it be beauty or sadness, Fall always leaves us with a lump in our throat, and these two songs capture that essence.

The playlist’s musical climax comes in the form of **Feist’s seminal iPod anthem 1234**. Its twangy strings and lyrics reminiscent of Sesame Street harken to the crushes of Sam Cooke while Feist’s introspection on

youthful love is as insightful as The Magnetic Fields. 1234 is a song of change, ubiquitous with twee, folk, orchestra, and indie while exploring themes of age, love, fame, and money. Fall is a season that demands reinvention, it literally changes colors, it couldn’t be more obvious. 1234 is a shapeless love song, one that loudly celebrates change with horn crescendos over a chanting choir where Feist invites the listener to be transformed in a similarly bombastic sense.

Of course, while Fall’s colorful metamorphosis brings a flurry of fallen leaves amid howling winds, it eventually ends. And when it’s just you beneath the dead trees, the best thing to do is look back, Thirteen by Big Star is a song that does exactly that. Love in Thirteen is static, a snapshot of adolescent love frozen in a handful of soft acoustic chords. After Feist brought every idea of love together and crashed it into the ground, Big Star picks the intact pieces from the wreckage and takes them to a place hidden from the real world. After 8 songs of love that continuously examines and reexamines the very idea under different contexts, Thirteen makes it raw. Tickets for the dance and short walks home from school are a pure untethered love. Whether the song is gentle and sweet or nostalgic and bittersweet is up to the listener. Fall’s romantic side is intense, yet it is malleable. While this playlist covers 9 different love stories, it has no definitive thesis. Fall is about reinvention, punctuated by a new school year and the limbo between seasons. To love in the Fall is to be changed, to define yourself and choose your own story – hopefully, this playlist can be the perfect score to your romantic autumnal chronicle.



Horoscope of the Month

Aquarius: As Jupiter and Mercury’s 47th moon (Christina) get ready to dance the cha-cha slide, you’ll experience the sudden urge to learn a new language. You’ll download Duolingo and spend hours teaching yourself how to compliment Luca’s red boots in Spanish before getting bored and taking up Turkish instead. You’ll rotate between Spanish and Turkish until giving up on the app entirely and realising that what you really needed in the first place was to just go touch some grass.

Pisces: Due to a three degree shift in the position of Polaris, you’ll experience many changes in terms of the things that can sometimes change in one’s life.

Aries: The ruffle in Saturn’s nose hairs means that you’ll soon meet the love of your life (whether this is an actual human being or a kitten you rescued from the sewers), so put on a smile, and jump around in the puddles like a happy little idiot. This is your world and we’re just living in it.

Taurus: As Mars and Uranus enter into your 5th and 83rd houses respectively, you’ll experience a renewed sense of motivation that you must direct towards the neglected aspects of your life. You’ll also gain a disturbing amount of information related to the Italian Renaissance artist Fra Fillipo Lippi.

Gemini: Because of a sixty degree shift in the position of Proxima Centauri (this is a star) your compatibility with fermented

vegetables will rise. Take advantage of this, and boost your immunity.

Cancer: Given Mercury’s increasingly turbulent wholesale price index and Neptune’s virtually nonexistent gross domestic product, you’ll spend the next month feeling particularly lost and confused. I recommend you listen to some Egyptian music – it’s the solution to everything.

Leo: Between the cross elasticity of Saturn’s demand and Jupiter’s sweaty armpit, things are not looking great for you, and you’ll experience multiple setbacks due to technological malfunctions. For example, the TTC will break down at the worst possible moment for you sometime in the next couple weeks. You’ll try and avoid it, but I can promise that you’ll be getting on the TTC at some point or another after being left with no other choice. Also, the elevators in Robarts will suddenly stop working, and you’ll be stuck for hours with a random stranger who won’t stop talking about their theory that it’s possible to identify a liberal from a conservative by asking for their answer to the question of whether or not cereal is a soup.

Virgo: The apparent magnitude of Epsilon Eridani’s protoplanetary disk suggests that you have become a prisoner of routine. I recommend that you switch things up; go attend a Varsity Blues hockey game or sneak into a random humanities lecture.

Lina Obeidat COLUMN

Libra: Venus and Neptune have entered into a fierce battle for possession over your 72nd house. This means that you’ll either experience an unbelievable amount of stress, or enter into a state of tranquillity so deep and profound that it becomes a problem for the people around you.

Scorpio: As Saturn’s capital adequacy ratio experiences an imbalance, so will you. You’ll fall down a set of stairs and land at the feet of a mysterious stranger. Do not simply get up and walk away, for a conversation with this mysterious stranger will reveal to you the true meaning of life.

Sagittarius: Mercury is in retrograde, and there’s not much that can be done about it. My advice would be to just grab a bag of seeds and go hang out with the pigeons – see what you can learn from them.

Capricorn: There is an active galactic nucleus headed at full speed towards Mars. For others, this won’t mean much, but for you it means that you’ll develop an obsession with true crime podcasts and virtual dissection labs. I cannot tell you how long this obsession will last.



The Dark Side of the Moon Landing

Zed Hoffman-Waldon
SCIENCE

India has yearned for desolate space rocks since 1975, and this year their dreams came true. The country joined a small number of nations who spend billions of dollars shooting hunks of metal at a distant stone for little obvious gain. In other words, they landed a rover on the moon. India's August 23rd moon landing was streamed live for 8 million simultaneous viewers, the most-watched stream in Youtube's history. Like its predecessor Apollo 11, India's moon landing was both a moment of nationalist catharsis, and a trade-off. "How come there ain't no money here?" asked Gil Scott-Heron, an American poet and musician. His answer? "Whitey's on the moon." Is it right for nations plagued by inequality—like the United States and India—to spend untold billions on a rock that will never love them back? To answer that question, one has to examine the root of their perverse obsession.

How—and Why—to Nuke Your Enemies From Space

The US went to space to kick Russia's ass. After the launch of Sputnik in 1957, both the United States and the Soviet Union realized they could snap photos of one another's naked bodies from space. Between 1957 and 1985, 75% of all satellites launched were there for military purposes: spying, and improving the performance of conventional and nuclear weapons.

As much as the warring powers liked each other's naughty photos, the military justification for space programmes was more subtle. Fear that a direct attack would provoke nuclear annihilation—combined with a need to show military superiority—drove a proxy war, in which both nations sought to show their military strength through technological and industrial superiority, a process that Freud called "sublimation."

In his psychoanalysis of Leonardo da Vinci, Sigmund Freud introduced sublimation to psychology, writing, "The sexual instinct is particularly well-fitted to make contributions [to one's professional life] since it is endowed with a capacity for sublimation: that is, it has the power to replace its immediate aims by aims which may be valued more highly and which are not sexual." Sex can drive one to pursue other, non-sexual goals; the activities may be different, but the pleasure is the same. The United States would love to blow

its payload all over Russia, but doing so risks ending the world; instead it channeled that energy into NASA. No country wants to be a two-pump chump.

India's space programme was the product of agricultural, rather than military, development. A major goal of India's space programme, writes Professor Michael Sheehan in the *International Politics of Space*, is to use satellite sensing to prevent damage done by pests, floods, and droughts, and these satellites have been instrumental in supporting the country's economic growth.

Accordingly, the Indian government has long justified its space programme on economic grounds. In 1937, India's first Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru declared, "It was science alone that could solve these problems of hunger and poverty, of insanitation and illiteracy, of superstition and the deadening custom and tradition, of vast resources running to waste, of a rich country inhabited by starving people," and it was in the same spirit that Prime Minister Narendra Modi said that India's August 23rd landing was "a moment for a new, developing India."

This space programme has a dark side. India—like the United States—went to space to kick ass. Sheehan writes: "The Earth-observation satellites India has launched can be used for military reconnaissance as well as developmental purposes, monitoring troop movements and build-ups, major military facilities, and weapons development sites." In the 1980s, India used these capabilities to develop a number of short-range guided missiles; by 2000 India had intermediate range ballistic missiles capable of carrying nuclear weapons. India is bordered by Pakistan and China, two nations with which it has strained relations and disputed territory. Possessing nuclear missiles is a deterrent against aggression by its neighbors.

The Shoulders of Giants

India's moon landing doesn't have a direct military application, but it does generate prestige. "India is on the moon," declared the chairman of the Indian Space Resource Organization. With this landing, India joins an exclusive club. Before the landing, only the United States, Russia, and China had successfully landed on the moon. "Russia, China, the United States, and India" is a list of three of the world's pre-eminent economic and military powers, and India. Membership on this list indicates that one is not to be trifled with.

Beyond military prestige, landing on the moon positions India as a technologically

and industrially capable state. The Cold War space race was a contest between the United States and Soviet Union to see who had the bigger member, and contemporary space missions are no different. Russia's failed moon landing mere days before India's successful one is another sign of its shrinking... economy.

While the landing heightens India's prestige, it also degrades it by inviting corporations to take advantage of the country's cheap labor. The Indian Space Resource Organization touts that the most recent mission to the moon cost a paltry seventy-five million dollars. NASA can't do it cheaper. The low cost of India's moon mission is partially because it took a more fuel-efficient route to the moon, but the real reason NASA will never beat India on cost is that workers make more in California than in Bangalore. Emphasizing the low cost of India's moon mission tells corporations they can offshore skilled technological jobs to India, where they will be done just as well as in Silicon Valley—and at a fraction of the price; disincentivizing India from instituting protections for workers or supporting domestic labor unions.

Whitey On the Moon

Is it all worth it? For India, or for the United States? There is a clear utility in having survey satellites like the ones India uses to survey land or mitigate flood damage; or the United States's LANDSAT, and given that the value of such technologies is bound up with other segments of the economy like agriculture, it is difficult to estimate exactly what the returns to such programmes are to compare with what else the money could have been used for; although we know the returns to these satellites are significant.

The case for going to the moon is murkier. Moon landings seem to provide little other than a sense of national pride. The most miraculous thing about Apollo 11 was not that the United States put two men on the moon, it was that—after the Soviets beat the US at putting things everywhere else in space—the US managed to convince the world it won the Space Race. For the US, it was a multibillion dollar marketing campaign for global capitalism; for India, it seems no different.

The author wishes to thank Sam Lehman for his helpful comments, and Serina Zheng for her unhelpful ones.



Simply Scientific: Key Cards

Jiya Jakher
TECH

Let's have a chat about our dorm key cards.

My key card and I? Well, we've had our fair share of conflicts. In just over a month, I think I've set some sort of record for how many times I've locked myself out. In fact, I shamefully must admit that I even accomplished the rare feat of locking myself out not once, but twice on the day of my first midterm. And don't even get me started on the amount of times I've come back from class, seeking the solace of my bed, only to find that my card has been mysteriously deactivated. Safe to say, me and my key card are not off to a great start. So, in this article, let's dive into the malicious inner workings of key cards to understand the reasons behind their deactivation and how we can prevent it. As for the issue of locking our key cards in our rooms though, I think this article is a sign we should buy some lanyards before we lose our sanity.

Our dorm key cards work much like debit cards, with a magnetic stripe called a magstripe. The single black stripe on our key cards has up to three magnetic tracks, composed of tiny iron-based "mini magnets" about 20 millionths of an inch long. Picture each mini magnet as a simple bar magnet with a north and south end. To encode the magstripe, each tiny bar magnet is magnetized in a particular north or south direction by a device that produces a strong magnetic

field. This combination of magnetic directions is unique to your card, like a magnetic fingerprint. The result? A quick slip in the key card reader is enough to authorize you and grant access to your room!

The functional component of the encoding device is a solenoid. Simply put, a solenoid is a wire tightly coiled into a helix shape. When a current passes through the wire, it produces a magnetic field by converting electric energy to magnetic energy. To strengthen the magnetic field, iron cores are usually added within the helix. When the key card passes over the encoder, it is activated. The magnetic fields produced by the solenoid write the required data to some or all of the magnetic tracks.

Then, when we insert our cards into the card reader, the back and forth movement of the magnetic stripe through the "reader head" induces a voltage in the reading device's coils. Just as electricity can make magnets, magnets can create electricity too! The specific induced voltage is electronically recorded by the reader. The reader's processor can uniquely identify the card based on the voltage, and then authenticates the card and opens the door to your room!

But now, the question we often find ourselves asking: why don't our key cards ever seem to work? As some self-reflection might reveal, we put our key cards through quite the abuse. Violently pushing them in the card reader, dropping them in our bags, shoving them in our wallets, and, in one rather un-

fortunate incident: spilling half a bottle of nail polish on the card (even I don't know how I managed that one). Over time, these magnetic particles can be scratched and the card itself can get worn down. But here's the punchline: the most common culprit of deactivation is magnetism itself. Funny enough, the same thing that powers our cards has the ability to render them useless. A magnetic field, if applied close enough to the key card's magnetic stripe, can rearrange the magnetized iron particles and demagnetize the card. Basically, the external magnet induces the "tiny magnets" the same way a solenoid would. The tiny magnets align with the direction of the external magnet, and the key card's magnetic fingerprint is erased. Cellphones, credit cards, and even magnetic handbag clasps are all suspects.

Now every time you use your room card, you can appreciate the army of tiny magnets that work to produce that familiar green light. At the very least, let this article serve as a PSA to never put your key card in your phone case or with your credit card.

By the way, if you ever see someone in a wild frenzy, begging for a temporary key at 8:55 AM because she managed to lock herself out right after a shower (and before a 9AM chemistry lecture) – that'd be me! Feel free to say hello; I'd be thrilled to chat more about the magnetic escapades of our beloved key cards (after my mad dash to the Med Sci lecture hall).

Twitter Rebranding as X

Kyle Newcombe
TECH

Frequent readers of the Herald may remember an article from February of this year, in which I discussed Elon Musk's acquisition of Twitter and what it meant for the platform. Boy, have things changed since then.

The platform is no longer named "Twitter", and has instead been rebranded to "X". Those unfamiliar with the history of Elon Musk may be confused, but as someone who had to read his biography as part of my grade twelve English curriculum, this didn't completely surprise me.

Before it merged with Confinity (which operated PayPal) in 2000, Musk was the CEO of a similar payments-focused business named X.com. Both companies were born during the dot-com boom, and focused on the brand new internet financial services sector. After the merger, Musk was not too impressed with the decision to keep PayPal's branding rather than his own, and it remained a sore spot for him for many years. In 2017, Musk actually came back into possession of the X.com domain when PayPal sold it back to him, and at the time many theorized that he would once again use it for an online business. And he did.

On July 23rd, Musk announced that Twitter would be rebranding to "X" and would use the aforementioned X.com domain. Reaction was, to say the least, mixed. While Musk does have some loyal cheerleaders, most users were not impressed with the rebrand. I was not a fan either, and declared that I would continue to call it Twitter along with the majority of the platform. Twitter has had various financial troubles since Musk's acquisition with many advertisers threatening to leave, and needlessly destroying billions of dollars of brand equity is hardly a way to start fixing that. The rebrand has made Twitter much more of a generic social media site, exactly the opposite of what Musk has said



he's aiming for. "Tweet" has been replaced with "Post". "Retweet" has been replaced with "Repost". Not to mention that the new logo is just an X in the "Special Alphabets 4" font (meaning it can't be trademarked), and that yes, "X" does kind of sound kind of like a porn site. Not a good look if you're trying to expand your reach as a social media platform.

While the rebrand is certainly questionable in my view, X did manage to ward off competition from Meta's new social app this summer, Threads. Meta CEO Mark Zuckerberg announced Threads as a direct competitor to, at that time, Twitter; unlike Instagram, the app would have a heavier focus on text interaction. With much fanfare, Threads launched on July 5th and recorded tens of millions of user signups within hours.

To Meta and Zuckerberg's credit, the launch of Threads had some great incentives in place to get people to sign up and use the app. Instagram users could easily link their accounts, and once they did, they would immediately start following everyone they followed on Instagram that had already signed up for a Threads account. Over on Instagram, your profile page displayed whether or not you had joined Threads, even displaying what your user number was when you joined.

Unfortunately, these incentives were also

Threads' undoing in my opinion. The automatic follow feature and the user number display on Instagram encouraged people to join Threads as soon as possible, but not necessarily to post anything once they had. The primary user funnel being Instagram was also a problem; users of a highly image-focused app were slow to adapt to the text-first orientation of Threads and this further discouraged many from posting. Threads has further been hampered by being a fundamentally less complete platform than Twitter; at launch it didn't even have a website.

At the time of writing, a few months after Threads' launch, hardly anyone I know talks about it anymore. As it turns out, even the world's largest social media company (Meta) can't overcome the extremely strong network effects of a smaller platform such as Twitter, which brings me to the user base. As I mentioned in February, Twitter has far fewer users than Instagram or Facebook, but those who are on the platform are disproportionately important and influential; think politicians, journalists, and the like. It's hard to upset Twitter's dominance over this class of user by releasing a less polished and fundamentally less serious competing experience, which, in my mind, is what Threads is.

Something else that stands out to me between Threads and X is the approach to content moderation. It has been extensively

documented how Meta has censored individuals time and time again, including on Threads. While X has made some controversial decisions to police speech in response to requests from foreign governments, such as in Türkiye, Musk, to his credit, has tried to take a more open stance to speech on X. Musk's stated continued commitment to free speech has at times sparked controversy, with some accusing X of being too permissive towards hate speech. There's also the issue of disinformation, though X's Community Notes feature can be an excellent way to slow its spread. Despite these challenges, I'm a firm believer in free speech online and I believe that X's overall approach is much more desirable than Meta's, who has repeatedly censored posts on behalf of the US government.

I've been a Twitter/X user for almost eight years, and ultimately, the launch of Threads and the rebranding of Twitter haven't really changed anything for me. I will still be an avid user of X and I will still refuse to call it anything other than Twitter. The years it will take to fully wash away the Twitter branding is actually a testament to the platform's reach and importance. Both because of and in spite of Elon Musk's idiosyncratic decision making, I will continue to use Twitter/X for its unique blend of users and content. It certainly isn't for everyone, but to be honest, that's always been the case.

The NBA Cup is Coming to the NBA!

Rayan Rahman
SPORTS

Over the past few years, NBA Commissioner Adam Silver has been scheming new ways to increase the NBA's revenue, and the NBA Cup is only the latest example. During his tenure, it was first the NBA play-in Tournament that was implemented to make the end of the regular season more entertaining, and to prevent teams from purposefully doing badly to end up with higher draft picks (and better players) for the next season. Despite initial negative reception from fans during the 2019–2020 season in the midst of the COVID-19 pandemic, the following three seasons proved the play-in tournament to be a success. The NBA is more fun to watch than ever, as proven by Patrick Beverley and this year's historic run from the Miami Heat.

Now Silver has introduced the NBA Cup, which will start as a round-robin tournament with six groups of five teams. Each team plays four games, two at-home and two on-road. The top seed from each group will then move on to the single-elimination stage with one wildcard team from each conference, until the

finals decides the winner. All games count towards the regular season, except the Championship. Inspired by soccer's minor domestic trophies such as England's FA (Football Association) Cup, the NBA Cup in basketball's most elite league is being brought in not only to increase competition during the regular season, but to make the regular season games more meaningful and entertaining to watch as well. Players will also have financial and career-boosting incentives to play harder both on offense and defense, like most NBA players in the postseason. ESPN's Tim Bontemps reports that players on the winning NBA Cup team will get a whopping \$500,000 each, while the players on the runner-up team will get \$200,000 each.

Most NBA stars will likely see the Cup as a bonus incentive, as their main target will always be the Championship. However, NBA players on minimum contracts or two-way deals who haven't yet made 8 figures from their basketball careers will certainly give everything to win the most possible money from the NBA Cup. Furthermore, demonstrating excellent in-game performance will allow them to bargain for bigger contracts, land them bigger roles within the NBA, and prolong their careers. This will

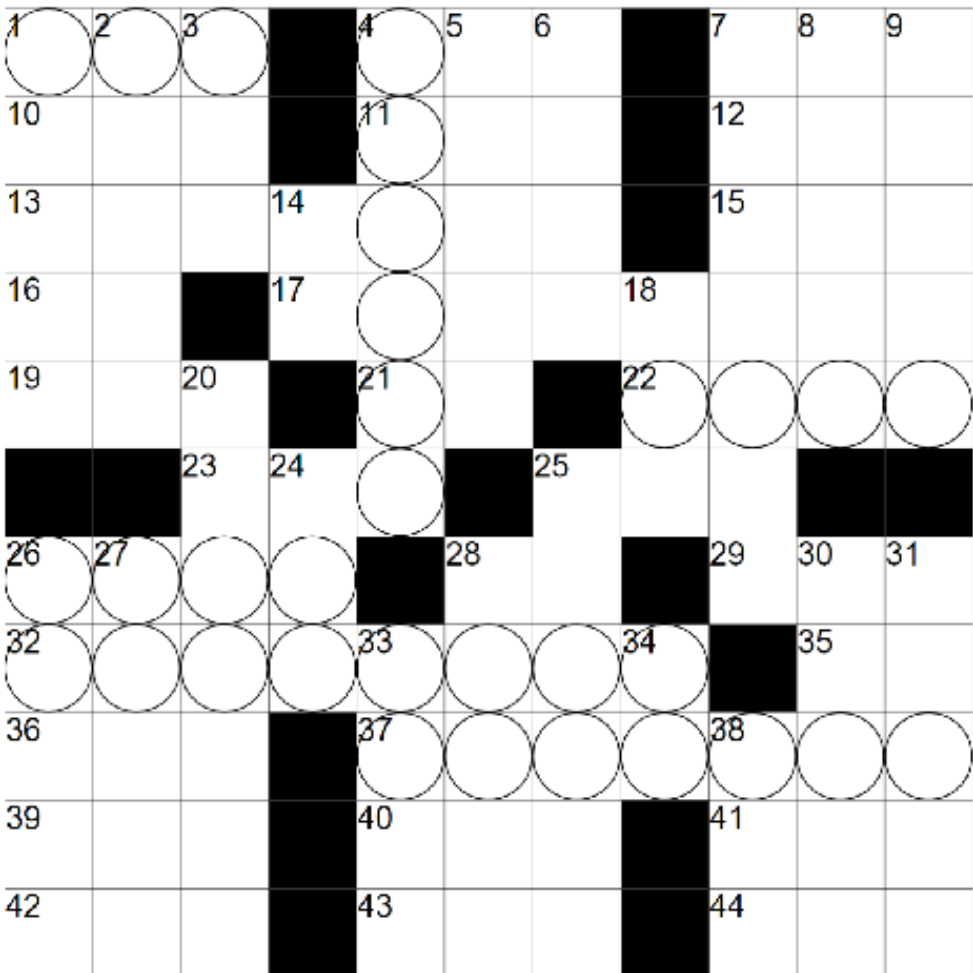
be all the more relevant in the coming years because, with the new NBA Collective Bargaining Agreement (CBA) deal, by 2030, there will be more minimum contract players with only a few elite stars that will make most of the money.

So, will the NBA Cup be a success? Like the play-in tournament, the Cup will take some time for most fans to get used to. However, after a few years of implementation, it has potential to become a vital part of the NBA competition structure and will likely increase the competitiveness and enjoyability of the sport. The only concerns would be the health of the most important star players across the league, and whether they and their teams would see the Cup as a time for player load management.



Crossword

Rick Lu



CLUES (ACROSS)

1. Behind, in England

4. Very, VERY loud, in music

7. Texting abbr. that means “literally”

10. Flight abbreviation

11. Lucy of “Charlie’s Angels”

12. Pigeon sound

13. Make a TikTok with music, perhaps

15. Rural hotel

16. mL equivalent

17. Pretended to ignore

19. “Gotcha!”

21. Maritime province along with NB and PEI

22. Something you should do to the gap

23. Texting abbr. that violates the third commandment
25. What you are after three strikes

26. Type of water

28. 8 million bits, abbr.

29. Measurements equal to 3ft

32. Unequivocal

35. dd/mm/—

36. Lunar New Year, in Vietnam

37. Tightly packed group

39. Suffix with Japan or Vietnam

40. Some, in Bordeaux

41. The “Me” in “Despicable Me”

42. Masculine “the”, in German

43. Opposite of NNW

44. It gives you access to the WWW

CLUES (DOWN)

1. Vulgar burp

2. New York city where you’ll never hear the phrase “steamed hams”

3. Analog navigational aid

4. Traversing the skies

5. Neighbours of Swedes

6. Word that may follow the answers to 1 Across, 22 Across, 26 Across, 32 Across, 37 Across, and 4 Down

7. What pH measures

8. O’Brien of late-night television

9. “See next pg.”

14. Opposite of NE

18. Formidable Australian foe

20. Gun pouch

24. Prefix relating to muscles

25. Opposite of acute

26. Despised

27. Over 30.0 on the Body Mass Index scale

28. Horse-donkey crosses

30. Ones who colour fabrics

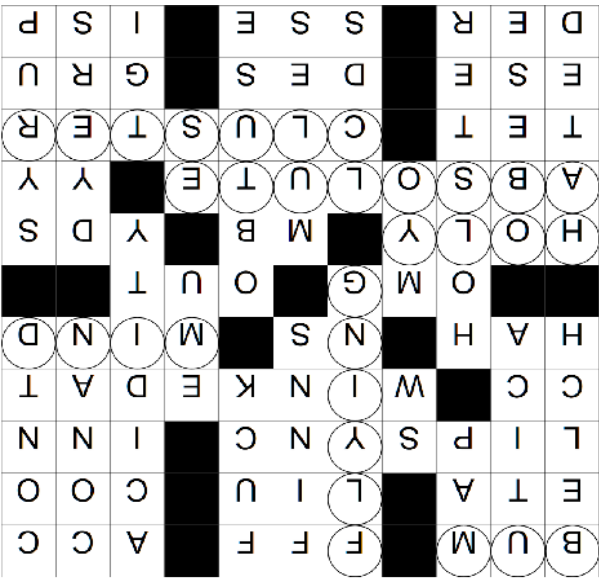
31. Thick sweet substance

33. Some TV screens

34. Are, to Napoleon

38. ____ Fridays

ANSWERS



SUBMIT TO THE HERALD!



Want to feature your work in our next issue?
Sign up for our contributor mailing list at
[theinnisherald.com/get-involved!](https://theinnisherald.com/get-involved)



The Innis Herald Podcast has a new episode!
Check it out at
theinnisherald.com/podcast, or search
“Innis Herald Podcast” on Spotify.



Innis Mosaic

In the 70s, the Mosaic was a way for Herald community members to share their stories across the college and campus! As of 2023, what are we saying today?

- Jake slept through two of his classes and decided he should at least attend his last class of the day. Jake then took a nap throughout his last lecture.
- (Overheard in the student residence) Jamie asked, "Why don't you give a chance to the myriad of men who hit on you at clubs?" and Sam answered, "Why would I want a man who clubs?"
- Innis College's new make-out spot: trespass inside the gated construction for the expansion project. Tried and tested: 6.9/10. 10/10 if you like loud sounds and dust debris.
- "I NEED MONEYYY" - Innis College Student Society VP Finance. ICSS council members, they're just like us!
- I sent an email to one of my profs at 2am on a Saturday. She responded 5 mins later. UofT really keeps ALL of us up, huh?-
- The Innis Herald Editor-in-Chief joins the Cinema Studies Student Union Caméra Stylo ex-Editor-in-Chief, alongside Hannah, for a bite on Bloor in between classes and work. After a lengthy conversation, Hannah informs the CINSSU Caméra Stylo ex-Editor-in-Chief, "You know the notes app is free, right?" The Herald Editor-in-Chief nods in agreement.
- A student named Lina goes up to Charlie and cockily asks, "Do you remember my name?" Charlie does not and nervously replies, "Can you tell me what it starts with?" "It starts with an L." Without a second thought, Charlie confidently guesses, "Lorelia!" Lina shakes her head with disappointment, at which point Steve, who stands next to Charlie, adds, "She has a name tag." Charlie and Steve are the Innis principal and dean of students respectively, by the way.
- I had to book a registrar meeting to inquire how to get tuition back after paying it (if possible). I had to hold off scheduling the appointment until I was done calculating the amount of tuition I needed back to purchase Drake tour tickets (it was not possible)
- "Remember how back in the day we still had standards?" - my high school friend who visited from Vancouver
- Person A - I'm not sure what the take home message here is. Person B - I wish I was the message so I could be taken home. Classic lab conversation.
- Rick asks, "Can the mocktails be cock instead?" Sam clarifies, "Cocktails or cock?" Rick replies, "Either."
- "My mental state is on a need to know basis, and my brain has decided that I don't need to know." - a future doctor
- This just in! Principal Charlie almost stole a first year's phone during a principal's dinner, only to be baffled by its pop-socket.
- "Every time I go to Kensington I spend like I earn." - Yash